

Chapter 1

Lil'ist Loren

This isn't the easiest to remember of course , who can actually remember being 1 or 3 , I can mabey tell you facts about when I was 4, but those memories are not linear. So maybe the moment wasn't 4 or 5 but it's something I remember that was early on. I don't always think of time in a straight line anyways , that's even harder to explain, I guess my imagination creates whole worlds of past, present and future sometimes in an instant and it's life a whole life flash but it's never come close to being anything like the let down life really is. Even at a young age I can remember reality slipping in and out, all it took was an image of a story , cartoon, poster, or a word and I might drift into somewhere worth being. Based on stories from friends of family , family and what I remember from VHS home moves this is young Loren's adventures.

I was born July 25th 1990 premature by 2 months I think , part of this was only having 1 testicle at birth , needing steroids and being in an incubator. I had 2 exploration surgeries in case the other testicle was lodged somewhere and I could turn to decay or cancer. My great grandma would say that it was far to drastic and an X-ray or ultrasound would have been safer and faster. Maybe the doctor liked cutting open baby's as some kind of gore fetish. Either way it's all over now and I definitely don't remember. I lived in a apartment in Everett just 4 minutes from great grandma, later my dad lives there again and I saw it as a teenager. I was told that I enjoyed the company of an anaconda that was a pet next door . My mom was a model? But worked at toys r us? I don't actually know And my dad was a musician and was in the navy. But soon started several business that didn't last long? I was only trouble active beyond that of other children, I was often In my own world trying to escape where I was. One of my earliest thoughts I can remember is why did I learn English? Why do I communicate with people, why wouldn't I learn something else and forget this language, it's not meant for me to speak to the adults. I spent years of my life regretting learning how to speak , even at times hating my ability to communicate in any way. Even my eyes became this thing I wanted to remove. Why speak , why see. Why be here I have thought that for ever, I'm thankful now I can still see , and read and now I can write, I've found writing even if it's bad a great way to calm my mind.

Then art happened, I don't think I understood when it really hit me what I was doing , I remember my great grandma loving I can make an almost perfect circle, but I was always so disappointed I couldn't convey my actual thoughts in image form, even now I can't create the detail in my head. Depth within depth , images withing themselves, textures and emotions that all combined into something on a dead tree . But art was how I could capture a moment of a different reality that I went to instead of where I was then. I never tried to get better at art tell much later assuming I could never get close to what I saw in my mind which is to this day true but I got better regardless. Me and great grandma where together a lot as my dad was running a business (music store, computer store, ? I forget the other thing) but maybe that's where my want to be apart of a small business comes from. My mom

was ? No idea. I didn't really have friends I was not interested in other kids at all, if anything they where a threat to my very existence and they destroyed the reality I want to create, they just breath and exist, humans where weak and in the way. Children are mindless , obnoxious, irritating and gross. I know I wasn't the cleanest or smartest, strongest but I never saw myself as one of them, of course there was always the kid next door , later I did make friends, but littlest Loren didn't really do that. I was aggressive, lost in thought and never stoped moving , the ADHD, add, odd, autism, aspergers, ECT.

I do remember my parents arguing over medication or to not medication. But that went on into young loren. My aunt told me I would always threaten to fight her. My grandma says I was just a hand ful of energy. Even though I was always around my mom and dad I hardly remember them.

I remember more about Rugrats, ninja turtles spawn and bat man. I remember asking for drums then realizing I'd need to be 2 people to play with myself in a band but not wanting to make friends. By that point I lived in another house next to a safe way that my ex wife's mom worked at. And my later best friend Joe went to often with is family. I was much more interested in the fruit stand next to it then the Safeway , I actually don't remember going into that safe way more then a single time and I don't remember why I was there, I remember holding a white plastic bag and that's it, I think I had my black bike with neon green splatter paint so I might have been older...? Again what's a straight line in time, I was 3 when my sister was born , I have 2 sisters and I'm the oldest, but I wanted nothing to do with my siblings for years and years. My sister thinks I was jealous of my parents time, but I think it was crying and a change to the environment, to the reality I was forced into and it was just almost like a forced other person I would be forced to use language with. My 2 parents where enough reality, enough communication for me to deal with, I remember often times eating felt like it tired me to reality in a way I didn't want, feeling anything pulled me into this space , this life. I didnt want to feel , to see, to speak , to be. But there I was in a house that was... blue? Just there, we had a jungle gym in the back yard, I know I used it sometimes. I also loved getting naked and laying in the mud, but unable to hold still that lasted moment's. My mom killed a mouse 1 time and I thought why would she kill the mouse when the people are the problem. Everyone around us is just around. There was a mini mart that sold milk, I was given money to get more milk regularly, later before we left that house I formulated a plot that the milk went up 5 cents and slowly got enough money to buy a candy bar. I like chocolate. But they found out the milk wasn't more expensive and my explanation wasn't good enough. I at one point stole a very small plastic owl from a different store down the street , but turned myself in . I think. My dad often went there for a yellow news paper called the little nickle and I remember wondering how that paper was = to 5 cents but never remember asking if it's content's, later I when I was older found out its like craigslist. When I stayed with my great grandma one time I had a ball and she claimed if I threw it at the window the glass would break, I thought this was impossible, glass is hard , cold and used to stop people from breaking into your house, it keeps monsters out. It can't break ,

so I threw it directly at the glass door just to find out anyone could just get into your house at anytime because we like glass . I like glass too but for art not windows. I spent a lot of time with great grandma. This was all due to everyone working a lot. But that's where I get confused in the story , I do remember this part for sure. Most kids are scared of the dark for sure but I guess my fear comes and goes as I was put in a car seat in the dark in the basement, now for how long ? I really don't remember I was off in another world most of that time . I know there was racoon I thought up and down was a monster lurking just inches away from me. But one day I learned to escape. That day I learned to escape my Great grandma sent my uncle over to get me and bring me to her house, I got free and tried to climb a foosball table and it fell on me , how long I was holding it up ? But he found me stuck under a table. But somehow he knew I was in the car seat? I don't remember that how that came to be connected, maybe I told him , I don't remember, I know everyone thought it was a big deal but the isolation was both scary and helpful at the same time . But I spent a lot more time with great grandma, but I'm sure I was put in timeout down there again later with a new seat or a new lock? Or maybe I'm not thinking linear? But of course I only got stronger and a seat could not stop me from doing things throughout the day. I got sick but this might have been kindergarten Loren not lil Loren , I took a while bottle of pills hoping to leave my old body behind for a new stringer body that could leave this place. But my dad made me throw up the pills making me not have super powers. I remember my dad asking me is I liked Betty boop and all I could think is that she smelled the same as my mom so I didn't like berry boop because of an implied smell.